

# Chamillionaire "Do Ya Thing"

Visit "[Do Ya Thing](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook: Magno]

You gotta wide body whip (whip)

Big mother ship (ship)

Trunk on lift with them golds in your lip

They rushing to the stage but you don't even trip

Cause you know they wanna hear you drop a gift

Let it rip!

Do your thang, mayn (do your thang, mayn)

Do your thang, mayn (do your thang, mayn)

Ah do your thang, mayn (do your thang, mayn)

Do your thang

Ladies represent!

Do your thang, girl (do your thang, girl)

Do your thang, girl (do your thang, girl)

Ah do your thang, girl (ah, do your thang, girl)

Do your thang

It's Magno, ya heard!

You can catch me on stage, braids with the shades

Stage like Beeman so I'm bout to get paid

I do it for the city, I do it for the state

And with forty-five interceural belt weighs eight

To the Nouf (Nouf), tracheal spouse

Wood wheel touf, left hand like Eddie Hoff

I kick it with a chick, honey gotta pass mouf

Hit the switch down quick, bunny hop pass douf

That's where I used to do, now-a-days I'm used to loo

Travel in a brustaloop, swang it like a hula-hoop

Tacoma with the deep-tents, aroma be the weed scent

Tear my hoes apart by persona in they neat prints

Everyday's spark flamer, old school dunk flamer

Flat upperdunk banger, part-time trunk trainer

I'm the ish I demand diaper

Coming down sand piper in a tan Viper

Either that or a wide body whip (whip)

Big mothership (ship)

Trunk on lift with them golds in your lip

They rushing to the stage but you don't even trip

Cause you know they wanna hear you drop a gift

Let it rip!

Do your thang, mayn (do your thang, mayn)  
Do your thang, mayn (do your thang, mayn)  
Ah do your thang, mayn (do your thang, mayn)  
Do your thang  
Ladies represent!  
Do your thang, girl (do your thang, girl)  
Do your thang, girl (do your thang, girl)  
Ah do your thang, girl (ah, do your thang, girl)  
Do your thang

[Chamillionaire:]

Ay, put'cha in detention and don't ask for permission  
Groupies hopping in and try'na ask what we flippin'  
Open up the door I call it suicide mission  
Got no door handles, they some track no edition  
On my iPod, important on my data  
My answers still no but she hoping I'm a date her  
Yella as a Laker, I'm more than just a playa  
Got dimes in the H, a couple courtiers in Decatur  
Man I should of known that Mike Jordan was a hater  
The dude on TV a real perfect imitator  
Thinking I'm a save her, I ex-ported traitor  
If the chick the air-head, I ain't trippin' I deflate her  
Plus she black, white and run game like the Raiders  
She can ask the doe but can't never say I paid her  
I ain't chilling in the office I'm a holla at'cha later  
I'm a be on D-block like them boys that be with Jada

[Hook: Magno]

You gotta wide body whip (whip)  
Big mothership (ship)  
Trunk on lift with them golds in your lip  
They rushing to the stage but you don't even trip  
Cause you know they wanna hear you drop a gift  
Let it rip!

Visit [Chamillionaire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.